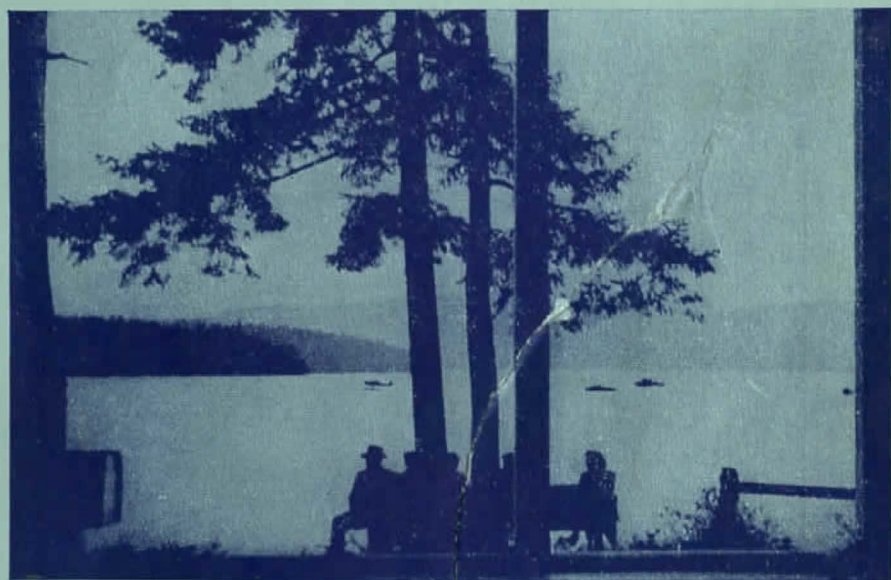


The Patrician



The
Monthly Magazine of
32 O. T. U.
Royal Air Force



PATRICIA BAY

Vol. 1

DECEMBER - 1941

No. 3

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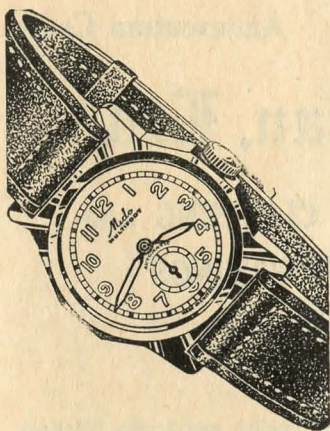
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Department of Trade and Industry,

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THE PATRICIAN

by kind permission of Group-Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M.

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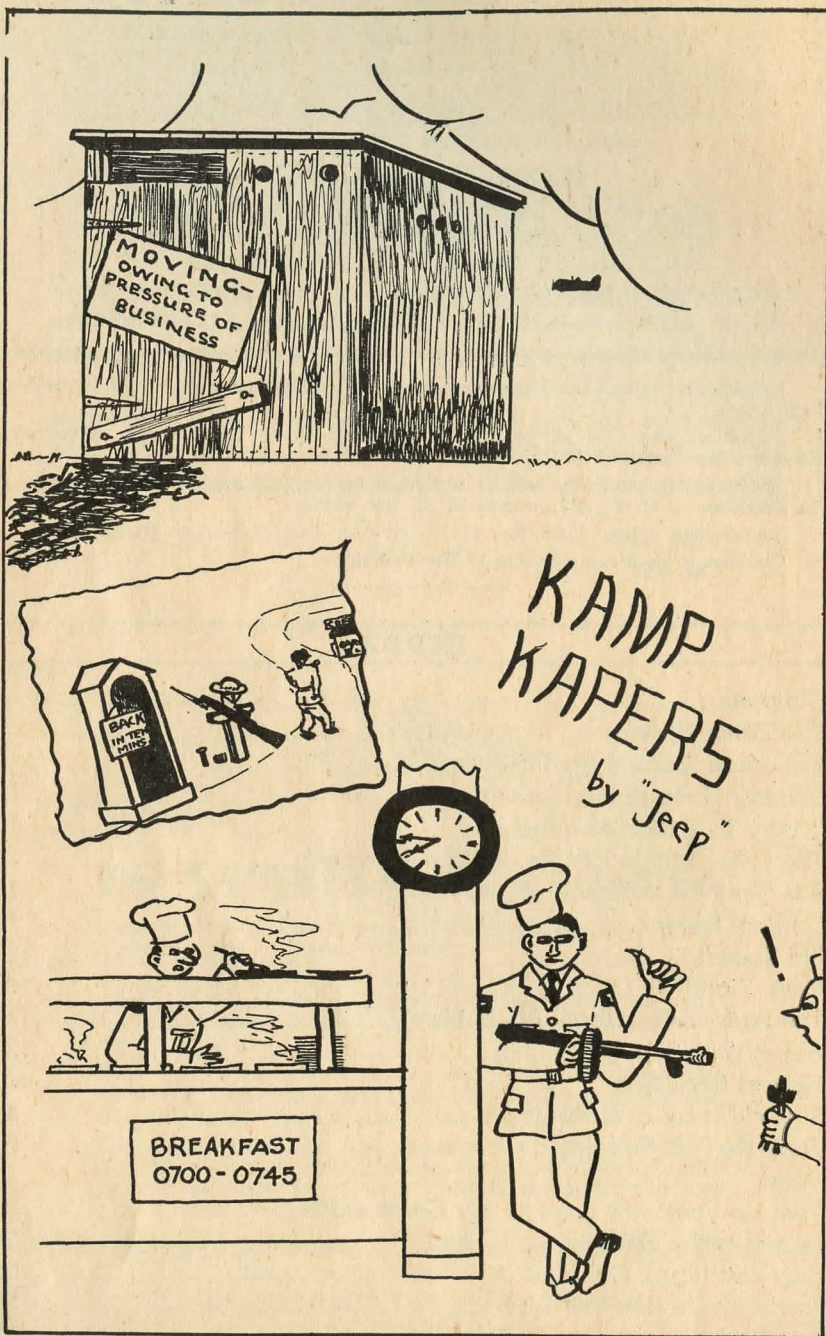
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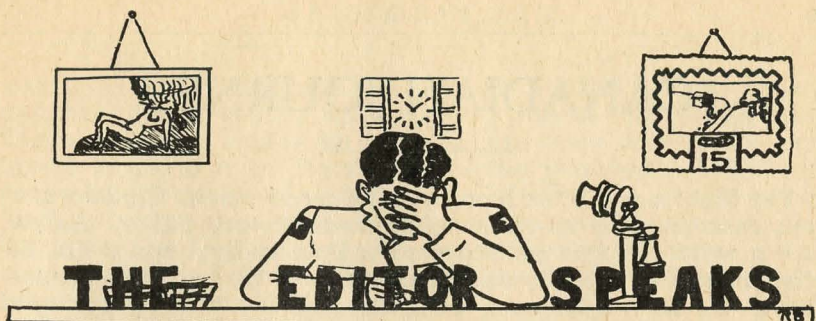
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Vol. 1, No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1941

10 Cents

Our second issue of **The Patrician** was greeted with even greater enthusiasm than the first. Nine hundred copies were sold (150 more than October) and this month an even larger number is being printed to meet the extra demand from civilians who are showing such keen interest in the R.A.F.

To assist civilians in obtaining copies we have arranged to have them on sale at Spencer's Book Department and at Messrs. Diggon-Hibben, Ltd., Government Street. Sidney readers can obtain copies at Baal's Drug Store.

This keen enthusiasm for **The Patrician** is very encouraging, but it must be realized that the good reputation we have hitherto enjoyed cannot be continued unless many more articles and other matters of interest are forthcoming from station personnel. Most of the material this month was left until the last moment—this causes great inconvenience to the printers—so please send in your contributions as early as possible, not later than the 18th.

It is proposed to change the cover photograph every three months, and with this object in view we invite the submission of suitable photographs of local scenery or other general interest to our readers.

We would draw attention to the competition on page 23 for a Unit Crest and to the notice on page 44 regarding the expiration of subscriptions.

\$50 has this month been given by **The Patrician** to the Station Band Instruments Fund.

The Editors and staff of **The Patrician** join in wishing all our readers, especially those in England, a very enjoyable Christmas, with the hope that when the next festive season arrives it will find us all in happier circumstances.

THE EDITORS.

CANADIAN JOURNEY

The flight a few of us have recently made across Canada warrants description by an author of no mean literary ability. As yet, such a writer remains undiscovered at Patricia Bay, and it has befallen me to sketch briefly some impressions of the past three months. Though my delineations may be a little indistinct or even lacking in colour, I hope this essay will not lack interest, for it was certainly a journey packed with enjoyable experiences and should greatly appeal to those who had the misfortune to travel here directly. For brevity, a number of flights across from Montreal to the west coast have been condensed into one, and it need only be mentioned in passing that we generally returned eastward by train. This rendered us unfit for flying for about forty-eight hours!

The story really begins in Montreal, late in August, when we daily idled the hours away awaiting the word "go." There were many preparations to be made. Apart from testing our aircraft, compasses had to be swung, maps had to be studied, refuelling points were established and a great deal of equipment was distributed within our machines. Of all cities along our route none could have afforded more amusement in these early days than did Montreal, but even here we were soon tired of hanging around. It took no time indeed to accustom ourselves to the hustling life of the city, and after the slight restrictions at home a bounty of wine, women and song continually spoilt our beauty sleep! It was certainly enjoyable to see a blaze of lights again, to eat too much and to sow a good crop of wild oats. But by the time we were ready to go, Montreal had shown us enough and we were glad to let the west wind clear our heads. On September 9th we took-off for Ottawa, five strong, and within an hour had landed at Rockcliffe.

Beside the torpid waters of the Ottawa River, four miles from the capital itself, lies one of the prettiest R.C.A.F. stations in Canada. In close harmony with the scenery stands the Officers' Mess, probably one of the most comfortable on the continent and reminiscent of a country club. Being weatherbound there a couple of days we saw all that the city had to show and also had a chance to chase-up our mail. After an exhausting tour from one department to another through four buildings, we discovered that all letters had been evenly distributed between Pat. Bay, Montreal and Halifax with the usual Service efficiency.

Taking off the following morning with a slight haze o'erhanging the river, we set course for North Bay and Napuskasing earnestly hoping that there would be no more delays. The machines were giving no trouble and carried us along at a comfortable speed. Below stretched the seemingly endless forests of northern Ontario, green in September and a mass of fiery reds and browns in October. A

striking change! The autumn colouring is brilliant from the air and deserves of more artistic description. It was on this lengthy flight that we began to realize the immense size of the country, for even after a couple of hours the trees and lakes persisted and the landscape below remained unchanged. Occasionally an emergency landing field made a welcome appearance; sometimes a railway line meandered beneath us; here and there were mining towns, smoking busily. But from horizon to horizon stretched the forest and we grew very tired of it.

Three hours' flying brought us to Napuskasing, a small town 670 miles east of Winnipeg. Here we landed to refuel and on each visit were delayed several days through bad weather. If it were clear at Nap. it would be sticky at Winnipeg or vice versa, and with the small radios we carried we were keen to see most of the ground below us! The west stations had a habit of giving their own visibility quite accurately but we had no idea what lay in between. Napuskasing heartily welcomed us and we all had an enjoyable time there. Without guns, rods or golf clubs there was little to do but we monopolized the skittle alleys, organized a couple of dances and sat through a number of picture shows. We also gazed at the clouds, watched the rain, moaned for a drink on Sundays and made many valiant attempts to get away from the place. With the minimum trouble it would have been possible to settle down there and certainly no one at Pat. Bay or Ottawa would have been any the wiser. Our fortunes could also have been made running an air circus. "Circuits and bumps" at a dollar a time or two dollars to "shoot-up" the town!

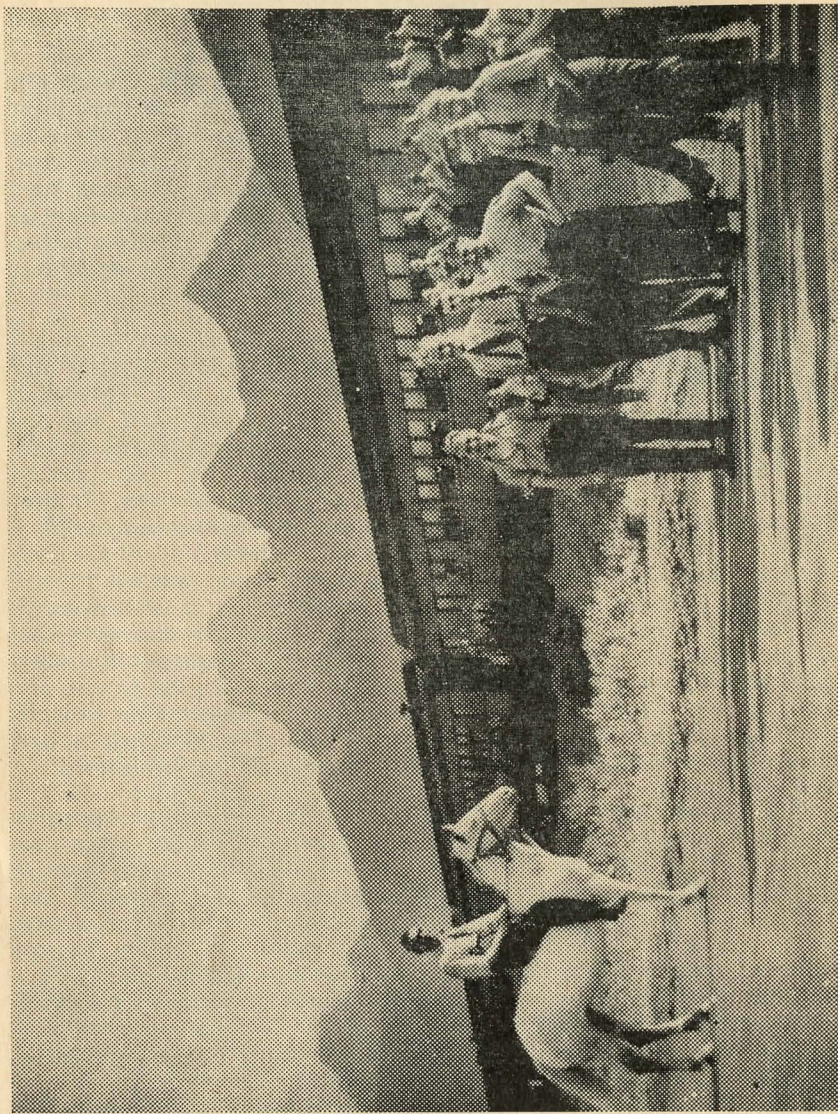
Our longest stay at Napuskasing was one of six days and then we left in a snowstorm. As far as Armstrong, 300 miles away, we were never higher than 300 feet and often uncomfortably close to the trees. The weather on this occasion was the worst we had had, but fortunately it improved the further west we went. The terrain below was still forest-land peppered with lakes, but beyond Kenora there occurred a welcome change and we crossed the edge of the prairies. In August the earth seemed as arid as a desert and Winnipeg and Regina were unpleasantly dusty and hot. As we flew further on towards the Rockies green patches—oases—appeared, often threaded by a muddy river wandering northwards. We refuelled at Winnipeg, Regina and Lethbridge and stayed overnight or for two or three days, depending on the weather. Conditions improve sometimes with familiarization but it would need a lifetime to appreciate the joys of the prairie. Rain, mud, mountains and the jungle are infinitely preferable to monotonous plains scorched or frozen according to the season. Chacun à son goût!

The final stage of our flight took us over the Rockies and we were several days cooling our heels in Lethbridge. It was a waiting game as flying so often is. At this time of year the weather over the ranges is turbulent and very favourable for icing-up. At the Pacific end of

(Continued on Page 25)

COMING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

A snapshot taken as we passed through the Rockies and which received Honourable Mention in "The Daily Colonist" Amateur Snapshot Competition.



Daily
Colonist

DANNY BOY

Here is a story, strange it may seem,
It's a story of me and my terrible dream;
I dreamt I was dead—just leaving my hole—
Nobody now, but a poor little soul.
I picked up my sins, all around on the floor,
I then got my wings from Death's barrack store.

I put on my wings, they looked very small,
I then met a Scotsman, his name was McCall,
He'd sold his ticket—his wings as well—
I'm sorry for Jock, for he went to Hell.
It just makes you think what a fellow will do
For a pint of good beer and a night out or two.

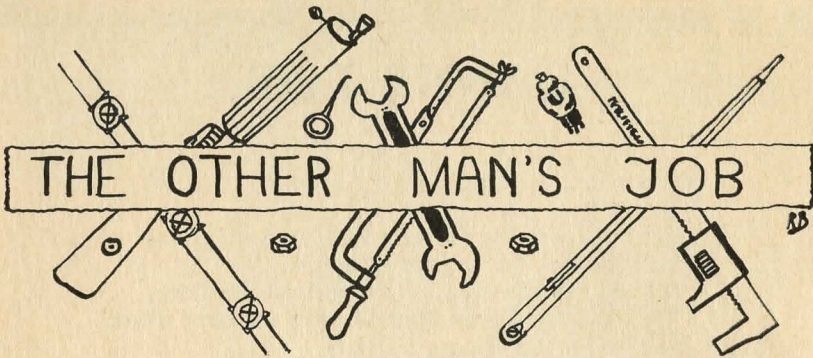
I collected my ticket, my passport as well,
But I found the ticket was a single to Hell,
My mind was bent on going to heaven—
I'd decided to catch the first flight at seven.
I might have a chance to skip over the wall
For I'd heard that St. Peter would likely play ball.

St. Peter, who saw me, in voice loud and clear
Said, "Danny, my lad, you can't come in here."
I said "Where can I go, to me will you tell?
I can't go to heaven—I'm barred from Hell."
He said, "Danny boy, were you not a G.D.
There might be a place in my heaven for thee."

I then made my way to the devil's caboose,
Where I heard him broadcast a G.D. was loose,
He said to his boys, "It's all very fine,
But there are some things where I draw the line.
I knew by his answers he felt very grim
And I felt I had made no impression on him.

All of a sudden I had a queer head,
Then I found that I'd fallen right out of my bed.
Young Nolan looked down from his upper bunk,
By his look I felt certain that I was a skunk,
And when in my bed my carcass I laid
I found I'd forgotten my "Jankers Parade."

—DANIEL LYNCH.



No. 3—THE ARMOURER

As far back as Service memory goes the humble armourer has been held up to a certain amount of ridicule and contempt. The armourers and the wireless operators were always considered in peace time, particularly by the N.C.O.'s in charge of flights, to be the most useless, technically incompetent, dithering idiots that ever crept into the Service.

This is not really surprising when one remembers that the armoury is the traditional home of the swindles and "gash" jobs. The fitters and riggers always had plenty of work to do, because in peace time aeroplanes were sometimes known to take to the air, and before that happened the aircraft had to be "signed up" for, as even then engines and airframes were thought to be reasonably important.

Sometimes there would be practice bombing but only when the sun was strong enough to bring him out. Having placed the bombs on the carriers so tightly that they could not possibly come off under any circumstances, he retired to the fusing point, removed shirt and vest, and proceeded to bask in the sunshine. Soon a noise in the sky would cause him to open one baleful optic, which would be followed by a vocal exercise calculated by its profanely vicious intensity to dissuade any aircraft which even **looked** as if it knew the way back to the target area and wanted to go again any way.

There came a time, however, when a rumour flew round the Squadron, whispered with bated breath wherever armourers foregathered: "Practice Camp, fifteenth of next month." One by one they came out from hibernation, flexed their muscles and accustomed their eyes to the light of day.

For a fortnight after the fifteenth there would be a mad day-and-night scramble of practice and live bombing, camera gun practice, air-to-ground and air-to-air firing, with both free and fixed guns. A veritable battle-royal, with detonators, bombs, pyrotechnics, ammunition, buckled magazines, jammed belt positioning machines, crazy interrupter gear, unserviceable bomb carriers, broken lock springs and cracked bolts, all contriving to be at the wrong place at the wrong time. But with the assistance of the local brewers and his inherent genius he coped jolly well.

Then the powers-that-be decided that he should have some practical experience, but as it would be too expensive to send him out to load 20 and 112 pounders to be dropped on the Wogs, it was voted that a war nearer home would be more convenient.

So we find the armourer with very little practical experience involved in a job of work in which he is the ultimate kingpin. He had literally to start learning his real job.

At first it seemed that he would never make the grade, for all the old prejudices against him remained; the armoury was still the last to be informed of operations, tractors were still used on machines that could be man-handled and were definitely not available to tow bomb-trailers up from the fusing point. Many flight commanders were under the impression that the bomb tree grew outside the armoury window, and that the sergeant in charge had only to wave his magic wand and the squadron was bombed up.

Out of this chaos he comes with flying drogues, many of the ACI's, who regarded West Drayton and the ensuing badges airscrew as something of a "Paradise Lost" are now anything from corporal to flight lieutenant, some made it by subversive propaganda, others by sheer ability.

The armourer employed on a heavy bomber squadron engaged on continual operations is perhaps the hardest working man in the R.A.F. today. Not only does he have considerable manual labour in bombing up, but he also has gun turrets to maintain, which alone can be a full-time job in certain circumstances; then there is the bombing gear to be checked daily, close co-operation with the electricians, all the guns to be checked over to see if the air gunner has missed anything. The signal pistol and all pyrotechnics must be examined, together with all detachable equipment such as certain types of bomb carriers, bomb winches and reserve ammunition. The fitter-armourer usually condescends to do the inspections and modifications, much as it goes against his principles to soil his hands or be seen in the immediate proximity of an aeroplane. This aristocrat is best described as just an armourer—with a collar and tie on.

On a fighter squadron he does not have the heavy work of bomb-hauling, but to offset that he has to get moving very quickly very often. Many of you have seen the armourers in action on Hurricanes and Spitfires but have never bothered to think of just how much practice has made them so nimble and efficient.

The bomber armourer may appear to be slow compared with the fighter lads, but such things as transport hitches can have a much more adverse effect. It is comparatively easy for a man to run to the ready-use ammunition store and fetch a thousand rounds, but who is going to volunteer to dash to the bomb store, take a 500 pounder under each arm and double back to the waiting aircraft?

There is yet another species of armourer who spends his time in Station Armoury with no last-minute rushes, no humbugging about, no satisfaction of really "doing something," just a monotonous round of fusing bombs, filling belts and magazines, cleaning and checking guns and equipment held in store or for range use, supervising gunnery, rifle and revolver work on the range, plotting practice bombing on the charts and ensuring that explosive storage conditions are all that they should be.

Those outside of the select and honoured profession do not realize the tremendous amount of knowledge he must have to be really up to his job. Some will never cope, others can only specialize, and others have a natural flair for having a rough idea about everything in all branches.

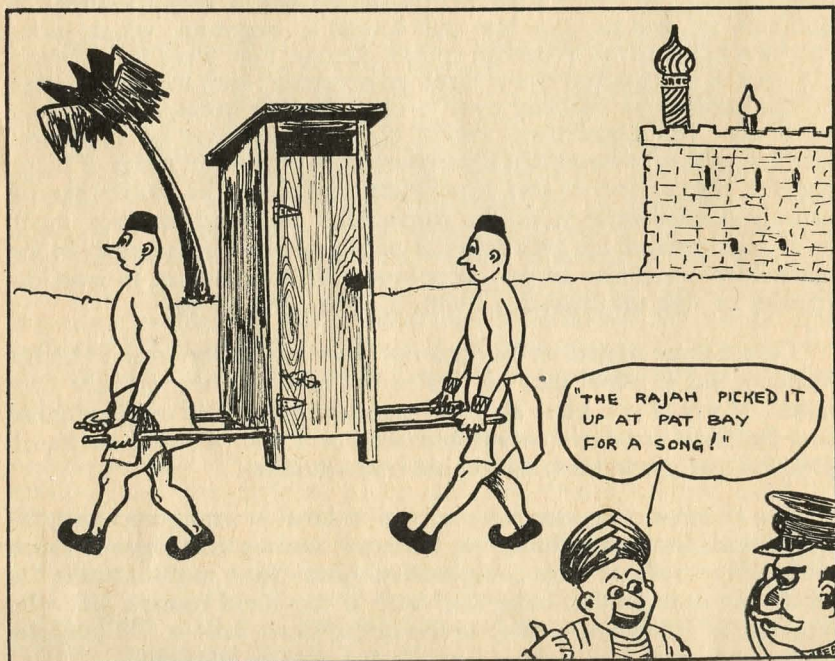
Very shortly we expect to have to take over the torpedo section and train them up to the same standard of efficiency!

So the next time you see an armourer with a far-away, baffled look in his eye he deserves your sympathy—not abuse.

—E. G. PICKETT.

Airman in Spencers: "Do you take anything off for cash, miss?"

Salesgirl: "Say—this is a department store, not a burlesque!"



ARE THEY SO DIFFERENT?

When the editor suggested to me in a rather forceful manner that I should write about the girls out here and how they compared with those at home I immediately realized the pitfalls that such an article would expose me to. For it is difficult to make comparisons without criticism, and I had visions of having my eyes scratched out here, being chased by irate females, or alternatively having a sudden stoppage of correspondence from certain quarters back home.

In vain I pleaded. "Do please let me write an article about The Other Man's Job as seen by another man," I said, "or how about something snappy on the care of uniforms during wet weather," but he was adamant. "Girls" it would have to be, for despite the fact that two issues of **The Patrician** had already appeared, the feminine sex, which plays such an important part in the young airman's life, had hardly been mentioned, and this omission must be remedied forthwith.

From my own observations and also from reports received from those who might be described as experts it appears that the girls here, like those at home, fall into various groups. Hoping that it would be of some guidance to the less initiated I have drawn up a classification as follows:

- (a.) The "dead serious" type—difficult to flirt with without getting awfully involved. No strong line should be attempted unless marriage is contemplated.
- (b.) The "sporty" type—very jolly sort, good fun, will try anything once.
- (c.) The "flirty" type—usually very attractive, loves to get men to "fall" for her, has a long list of conquests. If you start to chase her you will be added to her "string."
- (d.) The "oomphy" type—oozes with "it," etc., also very attractive.
- (e.) The "highly emotional" type—h-m-m, enough said.
- (f.) The "snooty" type—very rare in these parts, thank heavens.

So varied are the reports from our lads on the girls here that it seems that most types are well represented. One corporal, however, who had evidently had a "few words" with one of the fair sex the previous evening, described them as all being a bit "dim." While an erk, with a soft look in his eyes and a lump in his throat, said they were all divine.

In view of the diversity of these reports, I am thinking of getting around a little on my own account to make some really close investigations!

The general opinion held is that the girls here for the most part dress more smartly than those at home. I am talking of pre-war standards, as obviously it would not be fair to make comparisons now with clothes rationing and other disadvantages experienced by the girls in Great Britain. Probably the well-dressed English girl is no less smart than her Canadian cousin, but one so seldom sees an untidily dressed girl here.

Perhaps, too, it is all part of the free and easy atmosphere here that makes the girls so much at ease when entertaining airmen.

Before coming to Canada I had heard that the Canadian girls were not very domesticated, but any way this does not seem to be true of the girls here—Oh, Boy, can they cook!

But to be quite serious, girls of Sidney and Victoria, we thank you for the many occasions on which you have entertained the boys of the R.A.F., with a special vote of thanks to the Y.W.C.A. hostesses.

In conclusion, however, let us salute the girls of Great Britain—the young girls and the old girls, sweethearts and wives, yes, and mothers too. You who have been put to such a severe test and who have come through with full marks. So much has been done by you: You have driven ambulances during blitzes, attended wounded, fought fires, stood in food queues, worked long hours in munition factories, and are still doing a thousand really tough jobs and are just carrying on. For you no praise is too high.

It has not been the lot of the girls of Canada to experience such rigorous tests, but from what we see of them we have no doubt that they could "take it."

And if ever again our editor wants me to write an article on girls (unlikely, when he's read this) I shall insist that a number of private interviews be arranged so that I can get to know the subjects intimately. Some of the highly emotional ones might be quite interesting, h-m-m.

—F. REED.

REMEMBRANCE DAY

On Sunday, 9th November, the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. held a combined Remembrance Service on one of the runways of the Station. The service was conducted by Flt./Lt. the Rev. McDonald, R.C.A.F., and Sqd./Ldr. the Rev. E. W. L. May, R.A.F., gave a short address. The R.C.A.F. Band accompanied the singing.

On Tuesday, 11th November, men from the Station took part in two very impressive Remembrance Day ceremonies in Victoria and Sidney.

London Letter

[Below is a letter specially written for our readers by a London resident.]

TO ABSENT FRIENDS:

London's third war Christmas looks like being a quiet but none the less confident one.

Restrictions imposed by clothes rationing—the sixty-six coupons never seem quite enough, and certainly leave no margin—will of course severely restrict the usual form of domestic present.

May Heaven preserve the suburban husband from an excess of that peculiar brand of cigar which appears with monotonous regularity each Christmas. Despite the necessity for economy in the use of paper, however, we do anticipate a record in greetings cards. The calls of absent husbands, sweethearts and friends cannot at this time of the year be forgotten.

We are, of course, by now used, almost attached in fact, to our black-out, so even if the shops could make a brilliant exhibition of the old pre-war type with dusk at 4:30, we would not have a lot of time to appreciate the show.

No, the Londoner is too grimly determined to see this thing through to waste too much time before Christmas itself. So London's Christmas will be a one or possibly two-days festive break, without preliminary, and a break to steel us to fresh endeavour.

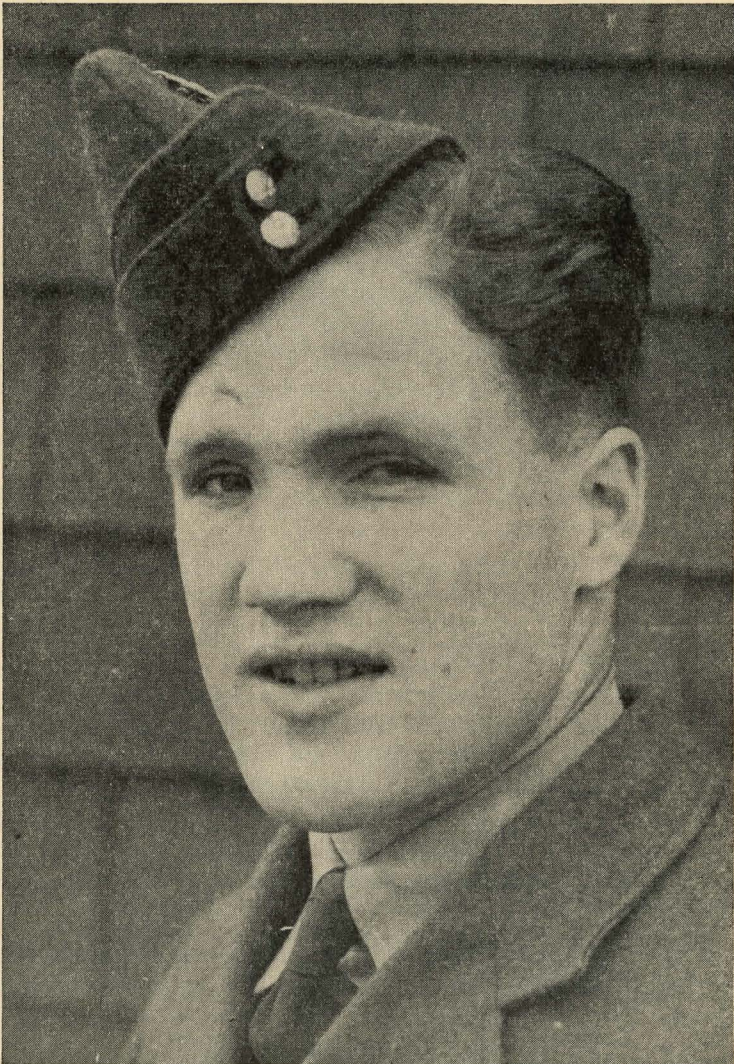
One thing stands out—our "Winston's" promise that we are to have a better Christmas dinner than last year. Despite even the Luftwaffe's persistent visits and the sea rats' campaign not many of us went hungry last Christmas!

London would like you all to know that we are all just about ten times as united in all the things that matter to us as much as we have ever been.

Christmas or Michaelmas, dark days or light, London carries on, and believe us will carry on and carry on to the victory, that although we cannot yet foretell the date, is just about as certain as the rising of the sun every morning.

Cousin Canada, London trusts that, with it, you will enjoy a very happy Christmas.

"LONDONER."



—Photo by Sgt. Gill.

Jim Speedie

JIM SPEEDIE

In our October issue of **The Patrician** we had pleasure in recording the bravery of two airmen of the R.C.A.F. who rescued a Norwegian officer from the wreck of a burning seaplane. Now we are again proud to record an act of gallantry by another Canadian airman, but this time a member of the R.A.F. on our Station.

The Speedie brothers featured in an article which we published last month giving their impressions and experiences in England, but L.A.C. James Speedie made no mention of the episode which has earned him recognition by the Royal Humane Society, nor will he tell us anything now. However, we did get the story but Defence Regulations forbid us to print it. We do know that a man's life was saved, due largely to the prompt action of L.A.C. Speedie and a fellow member of the R.A.F.

The sequel came on Wednesday, 12 November, when the Commanding Officer, Group Captain P. D. Robertson, A.M., at a ceremonial parade, presented Speedie with the Testimonial awarded him by the Royal Humane Society of which H.M. The King is Patron.

The Testimonial is signed by the President of the Society, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, and the Chairman, Lt.-Col. V. Vivian, C.M.G., D.S.O., M.V.O., and is worded as follows:

"At a meeting of the Royal Humane Society held at Watergate House, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2, on the 6th day of May, 1941 . . . it was resolved unanimously that Aircraftman James T. Speedie, Royal Air Force, is justly entitled to the Honorary Testimonial of this Society, inscribed on Vellum, which is hereby awarded to him for having on the 27th March, 1941, gone to the rescue of a man who was in imminent danger of drowning in Solway Firth, at Burgh-by Sands, Cumberland, and whose life he gallantly assisted to save."

We're glad to have you with us, Speedie.

HOSTESS HOUSE MENDING SERVICE

We have been informed by Mrs. Hargraft, the senior hostess of the Sidney Hostess House, that lady helpers have very kindly offered to do any darning of socks, gloves, etc., required by the men on this Station.

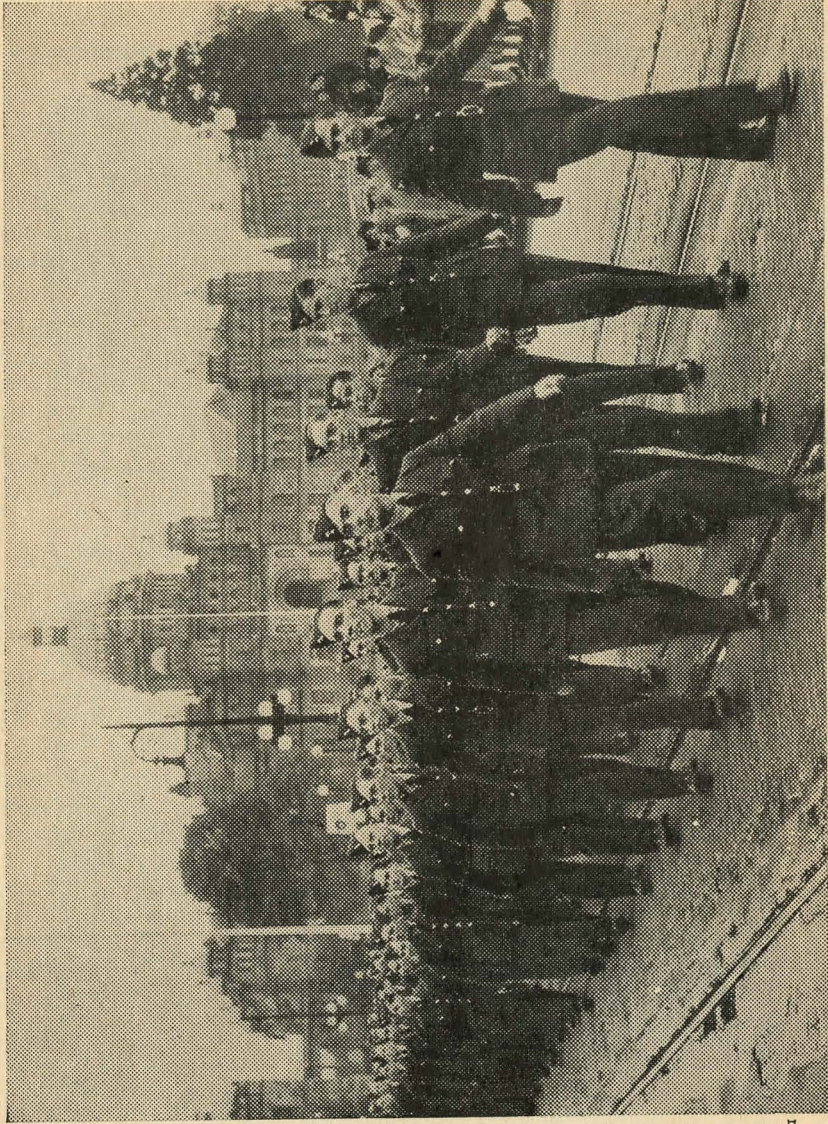
Garments should be handed in to the Hostess House any evening, and, of course, must be clean.

On behalf of the airmen stationed here we express our appreciation and thanks.

EYES RIGHT!

Men from the Station
pass the saluting base
during the War Sav-
ings Parade in Victoria,
on 18th October.

The Government
Buildings are in the
background.



Victoria
Daily
Times

THE PADRE'S CHAT

Through the great kindness of Mrs. L. H. Bagley, Foul Bay Road, Victoria, an unoccupied and fully furnished cottage at Deep Cove has been put at the disposal of the R.A.F. to be used by parties of three who are on forty-eight hours pass. Those who are interested may obtain full details on application to me.

Christmas is coming and the geese are getting fat. Geese—and ducks, too. A few days ago I saw some ducks, very much out of their depth, sailing the high seas outside one of the barrack blocks, surrounded by an admiring throng of seagulls (also out of their depth). Alas, they had taken sanctuary in an area in which photography is forbidden.

Perhaps some of us feel a little sad at the thought that this year we shall spend our Christmas far away from home, leaving our people to "face the music" in England while we enjoy the generous hospitality of our Canadian friends in light and warmth, with a superabundance of good things to eat. Shall we allow that thought to spoil our enjoyment of Christmas? Do we honour our own folk by being sombre at such a time? No! they would have us make the best of the opportunity which has been given us to see something of the world.

Away, therefore, with all depressing thoughts at such a season. Have a good time and enjoy yourselves. And as you laugh and sing, and eat and drink, do not lose sight of the fact that Christmas is the Feast of Christ and of none other. Find time to pay Him that debt of worship and honour which you owe to Him.

A Happy Christmas to you all.—E. W. L. MAY.

UNIT CREST

Most Units of the R.A.F. have their own crest—usually designed by some member of the Unit, and it is the wish of our Commanding Officer that No. 32 O.T.U. should not be lacking in this respect.

We have been asked to make known this fact through **The Patrician** and we invite station personnel to submit designs for a suitable crest symbolizing the work and aims of this Unit.

A prize of two dollars will be awarded by **The Patrician** to the entry, which, in the opinion of the Commanding Officer, is most symbolic of No. 32 O.T.U.

Sketches should be made on paper not less than 8"x5" and should be handed in to the magazine office.

SAY IT WITH SLANG

[A number of our civilian readers have asked us to print some of our slang expressions together with their meanings. Below we accede to the request, touching on only a few commonly used sayings.—Eds.]

"Join up, erk. Stop shooting the line and wind your neck in—you bind me rigid." Maybe this doesn't mean anything to you but to any member of the R.A.F. it is a very uncomplimentary remark. "Join up, erk," insinuates that the poor fellow is just a raw aircraftman with a short period of service ("sprog" often replaces "erk") and he is being told to stop the exaggerated talk about his own deeds and cease talking altogether as his listener is bored as never before!

"Browned, brassed or cheesed off," means "fed up."

To be "shot down in flames," usually happens when an erk (or any one else) is "shooting a line" and means that a remark by a listener has, to coin a civilian expression, "taken the wind out of his sails." It can also mean a reprimand. "To tear off a strip" has a similar meaning.

If a "kite" (aircraft) is about to "pile up" (crash) the airmen take to their "brollys" (parachutes). They may come down in "the drink" (sea) where they will be kept afloat by their "Mae Wests" (life jackets).

When a thing is "ropey" it's pretty bad but if it's first-class then "wizard" is the word used.

Flattery to achieve an object is called "flannelling." "You've had it" strangely enough means you haven't had it and what is more you won't get it!

This short explanation of some of the R.A.F. expressions is "pukka gen" which means that it is true information. If it were incorrect our chaps would call it "duff gen" or maybe use some unprintable slang!

—C.G.

DANCE

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3rd
Saamich Agricultural Hall

Proceeds for Loud-speaker Equipment for R.C.A.F.
Patricia Bay Dance Orchestra.

50c (Including Refreshments)

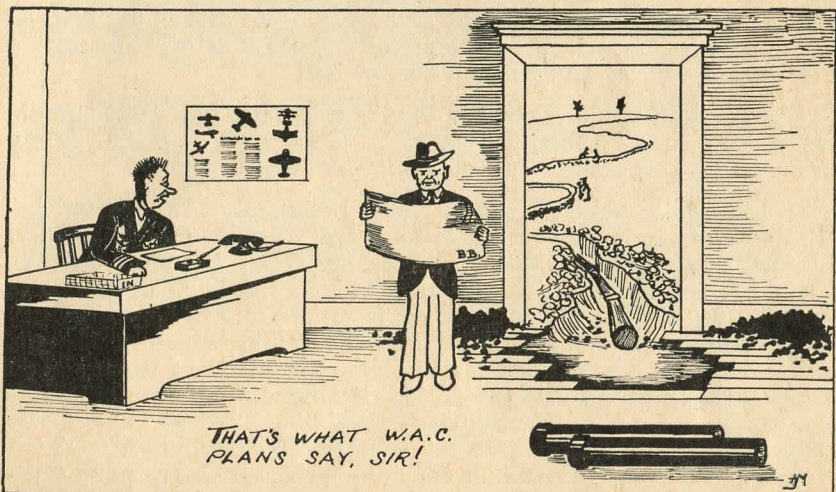
(Continued from Page 11)

the route fogs are frequent. It was decidedly worth while waiting for a good day and we eventually got it. At 12,000 feet the snow-capped peaks were magnificent. Mountains are always impressive from the air especially on clear days when two or three ranges can be seen at once. The sheer rock walls and the knife-edge peaks are uninviting. The long valleys with their deep lakes are all worthy of the painter's brush, and we were more than fortunate to land at Penticton in the Okanagan Valley on our first trip across. A large part of the town's population watched the aircraft land and we were given a very friendly welcome. Here did we first set foot in B.C. and we could not have chosen a lovelier place. There was every temptation to stay, to buy an orchard and settle down! Utopia may always be an unattainable earthly paradise but this beautiful part of the country must surely appeal to the Utopian!

After a brief interlude at Penticton we flew on and arrived at Pat. Bay in brilliant sunshine. The scene was reminiscent of a setting in the South Seas but the enchanting view from the air soon gave way to a scene of desolation! "Has the Hun been here already?" flashed uppermost in our minds and, "from where did all this water come?" When numerous lorries had been herded off the runway, we landed, and a boat came out to meet us.

So much then for our travels. No duty could have been more pleasant, more entertaining or more enlightening. Canada is a country of infinite variety, impressive in size, rich in scenic colour, cosmopolitan in its population. How difficult it was to believe that two or three thousand miles away, on another continent, the nations waged war. But after all, an ocean must hold sufficient water to drown the noise of guns—or perhaps few listen to them.

—P.A.K.



—Sketch by H. J. M.

Hazard

I once remarked to our golf professional that out here golf would make a very nice pastime. He had been coaching me most enthusiastically, but at that stupid and infamous remark he turned on me with a wild look in his eye and murder in his soul. I barely avoided the niblick he swung at me and had to explain hastily, and untruthfully, that I was pulling his leg.

Definitely, golf is not a pastime. It is sheer sacrilege to describe it as such, and the shame I feel for my early ignorance is sometimes intolerable. However, I made progress. I knew I was making progress because I slept badly and ate badly for days, through worrying how to improve my swing.

On Saturday I ventured on to the links for the first time. My partner was equally as green as myself and equally as nervous. To my amazement and untold joy I played well. In fact (and I am a modest man), I played very well. The number of times I hit the ball first time was really remarkable, and when I hit a straight full-blooded 230-yard drive from the sixth tee I was as happy as a king. It was even more pleasurable than drawing back-pay on pay parade. My score was something under 150 and I only lost five balls. This striking initial success went to my head like Canadian beer, and therein lies the moral I must convey.

During the evening I met Phyllis. What a girl! After shooting the usual strong line the conversation naturally drifted to golf, and since she was a golfer—and an extremely good looking one—I arranged a game for the following afternoon. We met at the links at the appointed time, and I very carefully chose a set of clubs and a fresh supply of five-cent balls. I'd show her!

We proceeded to the first tee; Phyllis drove her ball quite straight and correctly and a mere 140 yards. "Good shot," I cried. In my utter conceit I thought, "Chicken feed! Just watch me!"

I addressed the ball, swung back beautifully, and—"Smack!" What a glorious sensation it is to hit a ball cleanly and powerfully! I looked up the fairway with a pleased smile but, strangely enough, I couldn't see the ball. Phyllis had to lead me to it—thirty yards away in the rough. My pleased smile turned to a sickly grin, but I wasn't dismayed—not yet. I considered carefully which iron to use, and it was then I discovered that my bag contained one right-handed driver and five left-handed irons. I had to explain my error to Phyllis and gallop to the club for a different set of irons. When I eventually returned we had to wait for a foursome to go through which didn't please my fair partner one little bit. I was very apologetic and quite warm around the collar. My first attempt to get back to the fairway

was a failure. So were my next four shots. The crowning disaster came when I over-hit my chip shot into the woods and to institute a search was a hopeless proposition. Besides, that ball deserved its retirement after the indignities I had heaped upon it.

I couldn't understand it at all. A cigarette might have restored my nerves but as usual I had no matches. My first drive at the next tee was good, but out of bounds; the second was a nerve shattering miss; and the third effort topped the ball a miserable 30 yards or so. I swore softly to myself repeatedly "Blow my luck! Blow my luck!" but I derived little benefit. From here things went from bad to worse, and I will draw a curtain over my pathetic, divot-strewn meanderings from tee to tee. I was soon in a lather of sweat, my hands shook, and by the time we reached the eighth I was a nervous wreck. Poor Phyllis! She had endured a ghastly afternoon but she didn't complain—much.

I had been dreading the eighth for some considerable time. I knew I should drive into the bushes if I didn't take great care. So I accordingly took great care—and drove into the bushes. I could have wept! Nervously I glanced at Phyllis but she didn't seem displeased, and after I had driven another ball she insisted that we look for the first. It was hopeless from the start and I soon gave up. Phyllis, hidden in the bushes, called me and I rejoined her in the search. "We'll never find it in here," I said. "No," she replied, "I don't suppose we will." She looked at me and giggled. And I went on looking for the ball. Phyllis was strangely silent and cool as we walked back to the club house and it was only several days later, when I dared look back on that Sunday afternoon, that I realized that my biggest boob of the whole disastrous day was made on the eighth.

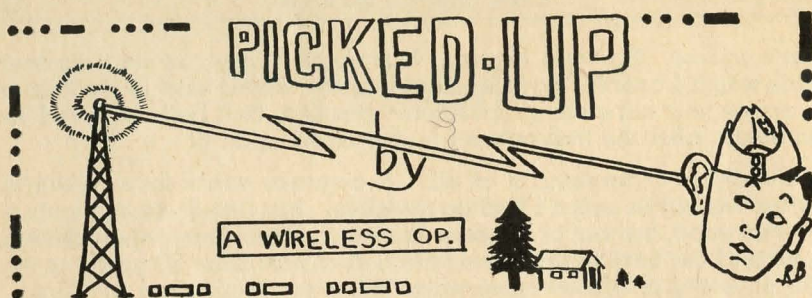
How I managed to stagger back to camp is a miracle. For two days I suffered from complete nervous exhaustion; but golf is in my blood now, and I'll make myself into a player if it kills me.

To brother embryo golfers—take your golf seriously; don't get cocky over fleeting successes; and never, never play with a strange woman until you are sure of your game.

If we are still on speaking terms, which I very much doubt, my next date with Phyllis will be a visit to the pictures. In the meantime I shall practice assiduously and ask her for another game next March. I shall take great care to lose a ball at the eighth and this time I shan't forget to do my duty as an Englishman.

—L.S.

An invitation to meet the short-wave enthusiasts of Victoria has been received. Anyone interested, please get in touch with P/O B. A. M. Herbert, Signals Officer.



PUKKA GEN

Did you know that our much-photographed Squadron-Leader is known to many of the fair sex as "Ivan the Terrible?" What **does** he carry in that little black bag?

* * *

I hear that our frightfully caddish entertainer complains that his accompanist's tonsorial appendages are stealing his show.

* * *

Heard at the Sgts. Mess dance: "Oh, look, Mr. —'s started to grow a moustache." She didn't know that for many weeks the thing's been struggling for existence!

* * *

F/Sgt. A: "I like onions but they don't like me."

F/Sgt. B: "Who the hell does?"

* * *

I hear they want a bugler—can't think why. Maybe F/Sgt. M. has lost his voice. Poor chap's lost his car too.

* * *

Our Mechanized Division is fast being depleted. Some of the older models are being used to fill up ditches!

* * *

DUFF GEN

The question of the purchase of Victoria's street cars to convey us the lengthy journey to the parade ground is under consideration. (Maybe the journey would be even more treacherous than at present.)

On Wednesday, 12th November, a very enthusiastic audience listened to a band concert in the Airmen's Mess given by the R.C.A.F. Band, under the direction of Bandmaster A. E. Tutte. This is the second entertainment they have given us and we have much appreciated them. We look forward to many more visits.

TONY THE FISH PEDDLER

A Son of the Beach

I sella da feesh, an' I sella da crab,
I'm notta so good, an' I'm notta so bad,
I leve on da beach where da seagull she screech,
I'm Tony Pelloni a sonna da beach.

I 'spose you may teenk I am a beeg fool,
'Cause I nevair ben go to American school,
A'n I don' know so good da American speech,
I'm Tony da Dago a sonna da beach.

Dey say to me, "Tony, for why you stay here?
You mak a more mon if you sella da beer."
I say, "I don' care ef I nevair be reech,
I'd rather be jus' a poor sonna da beach."

Last week I hear two fellar talk on da san',
'Bout fellar call Adolph, beeg dictator man,
I don' know so good wot dey say in da speech,
But it seem like he too is a sonna da beach.

Now I don' teenk dey mean he be fellar like me,
For he nevair leeve here on da beach by da sea,
So I don' onnerstan'—maybe him an' me each
Be two differen' kin' of a sonna da beach.

I'm Tony da Dago an' ver glad I am
Dat I ain' wot you call a dictator man,
Dey will say wen I die an' Heaven I reach,
"Ho, Tony, come in, you sonna da beach."

—Author Unknown (which, perhaps, is just as well).

S.P. to late defaulter: "You should have been here at quarter to seven."

Defaulter: "Why, what happened?"

SPORT

SOCCER

Apart from the first match against Victoria West Football Club all our games to date have been played against the other branches of the Services situated in and around Victoria. This has been brought about by the withdrawal from the Victoria and District Saturday Football League and the entry into the Inter-Services League. This latter league is comprised of four teams representing the Army, Navy, R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. and, although the Army and Navy have far greater numbers to choose from, we have so far managed to hold our own.

The best game to date, both from the spectators' and the players, point of view, was played at Work Point on Sunday, November 18th, against an Army team in the Armistice Day Cup. As will be seen from the underlisted results, the final whistle went with the Army two goals ahead, but the difference in the standard of football played by both teams was much closer than the scores indicate and local enthusiasts voted the game the best seen on the ground for quite a time.

As yet the station team is very unsettled for injuries and postings have upset all carefully laid plans, but it is hoped that next month's report will prove even more complimentary and find the R.A.F. with a more settled team.

28-9-41—R.A.F. v. Victoria West, 1-2; A.C. Hall (penalty).

22-10-41—R.C.A.F. v. R.A.F., 0-3; Cpl. Heppenstall, F/S. Huggins, L.A.C. Sedman.

25-10-41—R.A.F. v. R.C.N., 0-1.

1-11-41—R.C.A.F. v. R.A.F., 1-11; F/S. Huggins (2), Cpl. Heppenstall (2), L.A.C. Adams (2), A.C. Flake (3), L.A.C. Sedman (1), A.C. Ackinclose (1).

—J.H.

RUGBY

After a rather doubtful start to the season, the Station Rugby Team are settling down well and so far we have made quite a good beginning, but at present our friendly games are very limited.

We are fortunate to have the assistance of several outstanding players, namely: F/O Spiers, P/O Smythe, F/Sgt. Michelin (ex Harlequins) and several other good players.

As the season progresses we should manage to have a pretty useful side and we look forward to some very enjoyable rugby.

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Up to date our games have consisted of 3 wins and 1 lost, as follows:—

- 1-11-41—R.A.F., 21 pts.; R.C.A.F., nil.
 6-11-41—R.A.F., 6 pts.; Brentwood College, 3 pts.
 8-11-41—R.A.F., nil; Canadian Army, 3 pts.
 13-11-41—R.A.F., 9 pts.; Brentwood College, nil.

—H.E.D.

TABLE TENNIS

A number of matches have been played during the last month and up to date only one has been lost.

The results are as follows:—

- 4-11-41—
 R.A.F. No. 1, 27 games. R.A.F. No. 2, 9 games.
 R.A.F. No. 3, 21 games. Nut Shell Cafe, 15 games.
- 11-11-41—
 R.A.F. No. 1, 26 games. Four Stars, 10 games.
 R.A.F. No. 2, 25 games. Nut Shell Cafe, 11 games.
 R.A.F. No. 3, 15 games. Western Air Command, 21 games.
- 18-11-41—
 R.A.F. No. 1, 30 games. Western Air Command, 6 games.
 R.A.F. No. 2, 29 games. Four Stars, 7 games.
 R.A.F. No. 3, 26 games. Firemen, 10 games.

—E.A.

GOLF

Our activities this month have been limited to a few matches with members of the Uplands Golf Club. The match with their committee on 19th October ended disastrously for us, our only success was a half scored by A/C Cann. On Sunday, 16th November, the ladies of the club beat us by 4 games to 2 with 1 tie. The weather rather spoilt this game but, nevertheless, we spent a most enjoyable time, for which we would like to thank the ladies.

A very satisfactory arrangement has been made with the Ardmore Golf Club. They have generously allowed us to use their course at any time at a greatly reduced fee.—W.G.

WE CONGRATULATE . . .

F/O K. W. Trigance on his promotion to Flight-Lieutenant; Cpl. F. J. D. Joyce on being promoted to Sergeant, and a number of others on their recent appointments. L.A.C. J. Christie, who has become the proud father of a daughter. (We have heard of a number of other births but these have not yet been officially announced.)

TEMPUS FUGIT—Or Does It?

By GWEN CASH

[Mrs. Gwen Cash, press representative of the Empress Hotel, Victoria, is taking a keen interest in the R.A.F. and **The Patrician** in particular. It is through her efforts that a number of good books have been sent to our library. Mrs. Cash has also sent two autographed copies of her own very interesting book "I like British Columbia."—Eds.]

Exactly one hundred and fifty years ago Don Jacinto Caamano, a lieutenant in the Royal Spanish navy, explored these parts. I quote highlights from his journal. "The men are all lusty and well shaped with heads not disproportionate to their bodies . . . the women are of the same color as the men . . . (they) are better than the men at bargaining; should they oppose or disapprove of a deal made by the men it falls through. They are active, vigorous and show great vivacity . . . they go modestly dressed; as, over the tunic made of fine deer skin or some such goods they have acquired that reaches from neck to ankle, they wear a cape made from the skin of sea otter, bear or other animal. . . . The size of the canoe greatly astonished me. Length 53 feet; beam averaging 6 feet; depth, including that of two well fitted wash streaks, 4½ feet . . . (the natives) commonly paint themselves with some black and red pigment, stick eagles' feathers in their hair and all stink foully . . ."

A tremendous volume of water has flowed swiftly beneath the bridge of a hundred and fifty years and today other explorers have come to the shores of British Columbia. They are the boys of the R.A.F. They find the sea otter, source of so much of the early wealth of the country, vanished and the Indian tribesmen fast vanishing. They find corvettes being launched in the coves where Indian war canoes were built. Some of the things they are surprised at are brides' showers, not realizing they are sophisticated relics of a pioneer society when the women of a community had to share their comforts and pretties with a newly wed or else she had none; and the society pages of the local papers, with their reports that Mrs. Who is visiting Mrs. That; and B.C. beer parlors and drinking in hotel bedrooms.

True, some of the natives, who are now white and not brown, "commonly paint themselves with some . . . red pigment," but no longer do they stick eagles' feathers in their hair or, we hope, stink foully. And a great many of the women are still "better at bargaining than the men." They are, however, the same color. Why Don Jacinto seemed surprised at that in his day is a little astonishing!

In a hundred and fifty years civilization has conquered savagery—or has it? Any way here's hoping the boys of the R.A.F. will be able to write of the people of British Columbia today as fine a com-

mentary as Don Jacinto Caamano wrote of them one hundred and fifty years ago: "I do not believe that one will meet with kinder people, more civilized in essentials or of better disposition."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I received this month's **Patrician** and the boys here like it better than any other station magazines they have seen.

The men on this station are the pioneers of the R.A.F. in Canada and consequently we have to stand the usual jeers, such as "Get some overseas in," etc. Well, what's the difference between fourteen months and three months? I suppose there is a matter of eleven months.

F/Lt. Cave was here but has been posted to Pat. Bay—he's one of the best—he's all for the lads so give him a hand.

This dump is nothing to write home about, give me the West any time.

Remember me to the plumbers (armourers), particularly Bob Hurd, and ask him to drop me a line. Thank Cpl. Bob Kemp for the magazines and tell him a letter is on the way.

When we came across originally we were told that we would like the West. Well, I'm completely convinced that that's true. Even if Pat. Bay is muddy and sloshy I'd rather be there than here.

Well, I must close now as I want some "Kip," so wish the lads a Merry Xmas for me and tell L.A.C. Skelly to—well, I'll tell him when I see him.

Cheerio, old chap, hoping to see you all soon.

Yours to a cinder,
DAVE CROWLEY,
31 S.F.T.S.
Kingston, Ontario.

I trust you will believe me when I say it would be nothing but my dying wish to disturb the quietude and good order of your office, but I must, on behalf of my long-suffering comrades (condemned to live a tortured life on the barren, windswept prairies, poor souls), encroach upon the peaceful slumbers of your over-worked staff. It is my heartfelt desire to brighten the lives of these forgotten men and this, I think, can be attained by the help of twenty-five copies of your most excellent magazine.

We all, I assure you, want to keep in touch with the unit we had come to love and are looking forward to the day on which we are allowed to rejoin it. All that, of course, in the hope that by that time drainage will be completed, roads built and all holes of more than 45 feet depth filled in.

Unfortunately it is that part of the fortnight where one, on mention of pay day, thinks of some future date, any other pay days being of such a far distant past to be even remembered. So I hope that we, as Englishmen in this out-post of the Empire, may be trusted to forward to you the cost of the said twenty-five copies just as soon as we receive any gratuities which may be forthcoming.

Thanking you in anticipation of your early acknowledgment.

L. D. SEWELL, Sgt., R.A.F.,
Swift Current, Saskatchewan.

FIFTY-FIFTY

Among us, and of Warrant rank,
One we deride and seldom thank
Never do we say, "Oh splendid fellow,"
More frequently we rage and bellow !

Punishments, we feel, unjustified,
Martyr to a cause—and crucified.
He has a job we would not take
Does **he** always get a break ?

We hope and hope, "It can't last long,"
And weakly plot to do him wrong,
We'd like a good example, not fiction but in fact
A giant for consistency, a connoisseur—of tact.

But who are we to criticize
When late or missing, think up lies ?
Too often, all through, thoughtless drinking,
Our Service pride starts quickly sinking.

Of late we've had a verbal trouncing
From our C.O., no frills or flouncing
With honest truth, conviction and with courage,
There are some of **us**—who **are** but ullage !

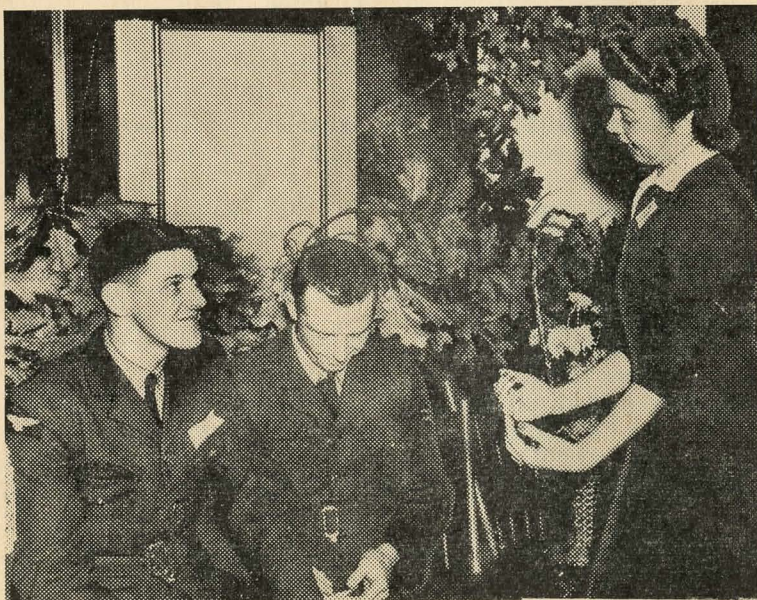
—E. G. P.



BILL McKNIGHT, JUDY PEARCE, JEAN JENVEY, BILL POLLOCK

Pictures taken at a party arranged by the Sir James Douglas School Parent-Teacher Association, on 18th October. Fifty men from the Station were invited.

MORLEY DAVIES, BILL BLACKBURN, NANCY YOUNG



—Victoria Daily Times.

TABLE FOR TWELVE

"Come and get it!" is the popular cry of the masses, but at Patricia Bay no cry goes forth. Men of the Royal Air Force toiling over their respective tasks have no time for "meal dreaming"—have no time even to spare a thought for the slaves of hunger, so let's take a pleasant stroll to the most important of our institutions—the Dining Hall.

In the "sanctum sanctorum" of the head chef there is a hum of activity, broken only by the sound of R.A.F. cooks tasting the soup. Fish is steaming, caressing the panelling with its agreeable odor; baked apples, sitting smugly in the roasting tins, wear an air of supercilious satisfaction; but it is just beyond the great divide of the serving counter that the real scene awaits us.

Oh, what perfection! what glorious delicacy and understanding of meal psychology. The polished floor reflects the tables in all their resplendence with carefully planned lines of gleaming china so reminiscent of our first parade.

The roast pork is crackling impatiently and the head chef is becoming temperamental, so typically anxious to please all. It is finished—the word goes out. He nods to the first cook who nods to the second cook, the word is passed down and before you have time to read through the "Manual of Air Force Law" the doors are flung wide.

The extreme look of gratitude that transfixes the faces of the patient diners is full of the expectation of things to come and has to be seen to be fully appreciated. The courses are rapidly passed out and disposed of and before the manager has time to solicit complaints the first patrons are already leaving, their peculiar gait obvious evidence of the fact that they have dined at Pat. Bay—and dined well!—S.L.

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The civilian subscribers for their interest and assistance.

The numerous societies in Victoria and District who have arranged parties, socials, dances, etc., for our benefit.

And last but by no means least, the Auxiliary Services Hospitality Committee and the private residents in Victoria and District and Vancouver, who have been responsible for many enjoyable week-ends spent in private homes.

SERGEANTS' MESS DANCE

On November 4th the second Mess Dance was held.

Just before the dance was due to begin a shoal of "U" Drives, taxis, a few private cars **and a jallopy** sped to the surrounding district to bring in the guests. As was expected, not all the cars returned; a certain N.C.O. (of Orderly Sergeant fame) renewed his acquaintanceship with Mother Earth and returned alone and on foot to spend the rest of the evening at the bar.

The supper buffet was a great success and great credit is due to the R.A.F. cooks for such an array of delicacies.

The R.C.A.F. Dance Orchestra supplied the music.

A BAND IS BORN

The local Press, the Y.M.C.A., and the Station Entertainments Committee, under the energetic direction of S/L. G. I. Pawson, weeded, pleaded, coaxed and scrounged until sufficient musical instruments were obtained to form a Station Dance Band. It was no easy job—musical instruments are very expensive—but thanks chiefly to the Vancouver Auxiliary Service Committee and No. 32 O.T.U., P.S.I., enough money was obtained to purchase the brass instruments. We were lucky to be presented with a magnificent set of drums and a guitar by Mr. C. W. Sanders, of Victoria, and various stringed instruments were given by generous local people.

The band, which is under the direction of F/Sgt. C. Jackson, held its first rehearsal on Tuesday, 18th November—it was a huge success and showed promise of great things to come.

A string base and an accordion are still an essential need but it is hoped to be able to obtain these in the near future.

We understand that the first appearance will be at the Sergeants' Mess Dance on 28th November and then at the opening of the new canteen early in December. It is assured of a good reception.

We welcome this new asset and wish it every success.

Too Bad

There was no doubt that they were both deeply in love. She, shapely and blonde; he, tall and clean-cut—they made a perfect couple.

On this particular evening, he stood on the righthand side of the room, she on the left. From the fond light in their eyes it was obvious that wedding bells were only just around the corner.

Methodically, he removed his coat and waistcoat and tossed them in a heap on a nearby chair. With equally leisured movements she took off her close-fitting dress and hung it neatly in the wardrobe. Next, he removed his trousers and hung them on a vacant peg behind the door. She, tidier than he, laid her satin slip carefully across the back of a chair. He sat on the righthand side of the bed and took off his shoes and socks. She sat on the lefthand side of the bed and took off her shoes and stockings.

Standing up and stifling a yawn he loosened his tie and pulled his shirt and vest over his head, adding them to the crumpled heap of clothing beside the bed. Smiling to herself, the girl then daintily removed her underclothes and fumbled beneath the pillow for a lace-trimmed, silken nightie. The man donned a pair of blue-striped pyjamas.

He climbed into bed on the right side. She climbed into bed on the left side. He reached up and pressed the button that put out the light over the dressing-table. She leaned across and switched out the reading lamp. He faced towards the right. She faced towards the left.

He was in a hotel room not a hundred miles from Piccadilly. She was billeted on a farm in Wales. So they both turned over and went to sleep.—D. C.

—(Reprinted from
"London Opinion").

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